
N^o XXXV.—MONDAY, JULY 9, 1798.

Servetur ad imum.
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constat.

non.

REVIEW OF THE SESSION.

THE Session of Parliament being now closed, We are naturally led to refer to the circumstances under which it opened : to review the principal measures adopted in the course of it ; and to compare the present state, and prospect, of Public Affairs, with that which presented itself at its opening. The result is truly encouraging and animating to every one who feels an interest in the security and reputation of his Country.

Previous to the Revolution of the 4th of September, considerable hopes had been entertained of the restoration of Peace ; and there even seemed a prospect of such an alteration in the general spirit and internal system of the French Government, as might afford at least an interval of tranquillity to Europe. At that too memorable period, all these hopes instantly vanished. After five years of War (in which our efforts and expences had exceeded all former example) We found ourselves compelled to continue the contest with an Enemy, which avowedly

sought nothing short of our final destruction; which neither measured the resources, nor valued the blood of its Subjects; and was ready to stake its own existence on any chance (however desperate) of aiming a mortal blow against ours.

We had hitherto supported the contest by the aid drawn from a flourishing Commerce, from undisturbed and protected Industry, and from the continued accumulation of active and productive Capital.

The Enemy had, in the same period, diminished its Population by millions; annihilated its Trade, Navigation, and Manufactures; and sacrificed and sunk perhaps one half of the whole aggregate wealth of the Country. Having long passed the boundary which would, according to all moral probabilities, limit the exertions of a Nation, they were become, under the guidance of an unrelenting Despotism, only the more formidable to their neighbours. In the midst of internal weakness and misery, the continuance of the same gigantic and convulsive efforts, was only a slight comparative aggravation of distress, already so great and so habitual, as to make its farther gradations scarcely sensible.

The weakness or timidity of the rest of Europe, had left them at liberty to direct the whole of their remaining force against the British Empire.—They appeared determined to employ it to the utmost, and there were three distinct grounds, on which they professed to rest their principal hopes of success.

The first of these, and that which they were sanguine enough to believe might of itself force us to surrender at discretion, was the expectation of the total failure of our Finance, and the downfall of our Public Credit.

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The second, was the boasted project of the Invasion of this Island itself, of effecting a Revolution in the Country, and of dictating the Conditions of Peace on the Banks of the *Thames*.

The third, was the support to be given to a Rebellion in *Ireland*; the separation of that Country from *Great Britain*, and the establishment of an *Irish* Jacobin Republic under the auspices of France.

Let us trace shortly what has passed as applicable to each of these heads.

The hope of the failure of our Finance, arose chiefly from the immense accumulation of Debt ;—the supposed difficulty of further Loans ;—the low price of the Funds ;—the load of additional Taxes ;—and the persuasion, that while the accustomed Resources were, as they thought, exhausted, no new means could be found for defraying the expences of the War. Exaggerated as this view of the subject undoubtedly was in its extent, it was not altogether chimerical. The real difficulty of our situation was one which calm and impartial minds could not contemplate without solicitude. But—thanks to the vigour of Government, to the firmness and wisdom of Parliament, and to the good sense and spirit of the Nation !—We have now the satisfaction of knowing that it has been met and surmounted.

One of the first proceedings of the Session, was to ascertain as accurately as was possible at so early a period, the probable amount of our expences ; and the estimate then formed, has been verified in all its material parts, except so far as additional preparations have since become necessary ; and even these have not very materially augmented the amount,

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From the complete liquidation of Arrears, in 1797, and from the change in the circumstances of the War, it was found that the Expences of the present year would be reduced below those of the last, by a sum of *Fourteen or Fifteen Millions*; and the Heads of Expenditure were now so far simplified, as no longer to leave an apprehension of considerable excess. Still the amount to be furnished was one which evidently could not be raised by a Loan in the ordinary mode, without a farther depression of the Stocks, and an accumulation of permanent Taxes, which would be in the highest degree pernicious. The whole Sum to be raised was little less than TWENTY-EIGHT MILLIONS. The manner in which this has been accomplished, is fresh in every one's recollection, and is at once the strongest proof both of the intrinsic power, and of the zeal and spirit of the Country.

The outline of the PLAN, as originally opened, was to raise by an ordinary Loan no more than a sum equal to that proportion of Old Debt which the existing Sinking Fund would pay off in the same period.—The remainder was to be supplied either by Monies raised *within the Year*, or by a Loan, the Capital of which was to be discharged within a short and limited time, by extraordinary and temporary Taxes. As long as such a system is adhered to, a year even of War, can never leave the Country subject, at its conclusion, to any greater permanent burden, either of *Debt* or *Taxes*, than existed at its commencement; and while resources can be found to accomplish this purpose, and while the Sinking Fund is inalienably applied to the extinction of the Old Debt, the Public Credit of the Country is unassailable.

Towards

Towards furnishing part of the Supplies meant to be raised within the year, a Sum of Three Millions has been advanced by the Bank, out of those increased Funds which, contrary to all the gloomy predictions of the last year, it has derived from the consequences of a measure, which was at the time pretended to be fatal to its credit and existence. It is now clear beyond a doubt, that the order of the 26th of February, 1797, has deprived the Enemy of one of its chief means of disturbing Public Credit; has produced additional facility to Commerce, instead of checking and confining it; and has given the Bank the means of affording aid to the Government during the War, which it could not otherwise have ventured to furnish.

The next, and the most contested measure which was proposed, was the raising a General Contribution, on the most extensive plan that could be devised, from all those who pay to any of the Assessed Taxes; with a provision, that the sum required from each individual should not exceed the tenth of his income.—We will not now resume the detailed discussion of this measure.—After all the attempts to raise a clamour against the project, experience has already shewn (what We thought at the time sufficiently proved by reason and argument) that the objections against it were founded in prejudice or misrepresentation. The thing most to be regretted is, that it does not extend as universally and equally as is to be wished, to all Persons possessed of Income of any description; and that the modifications which were thought necessary to meet partial and particular difficulties, will have materially diminished its produce, at first calculated. Still, however, it is the *first step*, to that most useful and effectual of all measures, a general contri-

tribution from all Classes, proportioned to their respective income. It is the only practicable scheme of the sort that has ever been proposed. Defective as it is, it yet comprehends a great majority of the wealthy part of the Community. It provides the most favourable exemptions for the poorer orders. Every precaution has been adopted to distribute it as equitably as the case would admit; and it has laid the foundation of a System which (if the War continues) may, perhaps, in our days, be extended and perfected; and which, at all events, will hold out an example, which we hope the Nation will have virtue and energy enough to follow, in any future struggle in which it may be engaged.

There are two other leading articles in the ways and means of the year, which have compensated for any defalcation in the produce of the New Assessment, and which each of them tend to give to Europe and to the World, a just and proud impression of the real character and situation of the Country.—At the very moment of raising, within the year, in the unexampled mode which We have stated, a sum of between FOUR and FIVE MILLIONS, by a compulsory Law; the voluntary zeal and liberality of Individuals has already added a sum of certainly above a MILLION AND AN HALF, and probably approaching to TWO MILLIONS STERLING.

As a solid pecuniary resource, this free-will offering of a grateful and contented People, may be safely weighed in the balance against a year's plunder of the Revolutionary Armies of France. But if it is valuable in its amount, how much more so is it in its principle? How much more so is it, as a pledge of affection to the Sovereign, and the Consitution; of zeal for the Country;

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of confidence in the Government; and of a determination to make every private sacrifice in support of the National Interest? Never did any Nation speak its genuine sentiments in a language more likely to confound the hopes of those Enemies who threaten to attack its security from abroad, or attempt to disturb its tranquillity at home.

The other article to which We refer, is the temporary Tax laid upon our Commerce for the support of the war, with the general and zealous concurrence of all descriptions of Merchants. A tax of this description, founded on the immense increase of our Exports and Imports during the war, on our undisturbed possession of the principal Foreign Markets, and on the complete Naval Protection afforded to this extensive trade, speaks at once the spirit and good sense of our Merchants, our unexampled state of commercial prosperity in the midst of an arduous contest, and the unparalleled vigilance and activity of our maritime defence.

These measures have had the effect of shewing at once the power, the resources, and the determination of the Country. They have naturally prevented, under all the critical scenes which have been passing, any depression of the Public Funds; and they have enabled Government (at the very time when the means of borrowing were said to be exhausted) to complete the Supplies by a Loan of Fifteen Millions, on terms the most favourable to the Public which have ever been obtained.

The attention of Parliament has not, however, been confined only to the best mode of raising the Supplies for a single year. The Plan for the SALE of the LAND-TAX, and for applying the Produce towards the reduction of the National Debt, though vehemently opposed
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by a few Persons attached to their own peculiar opinions, has been adopted with general approbation. It has been clearly proved to be attended with no possible inconvenience to the Public, or to Individuals; and its progressive operation (besides furnishing a considerable direct pecuniary advantage to the Public) has the most immediate tendency to aid and strengthen the operation of the Sinking Fund; to diminish (and as We trust rapidly) the amount of Funded Debt in the Market; and to facilitate future Loans, and furnish additional and increasing means of exertion, in the event of the continuance of the War.

While We have thus effectually provided the pecuniary means of maintaining the contest, the military efforts, and inherent spirit of the Nation, have not been less conspicuous in preparing to meet and repel every possible enterprize of the Enemy. It cannot indeed be doubted, that even before our increased preparations, any attempt at an Invasion of this Island must finally have terminated in ruin and confusion to those who undertook it. But considering the character of our Enemy,—careless of the lives of its own subjects; inveterate in its hatred of this Country, and maddened at the view of our prosperity; intoxicated with its success on the Continent, incapable of quiet, and unable to maintain at home its victorious armies—there was a period when this wild and desperate project was not unlikely to be attempted. It would not have mattered to them, if, directing their Expedition against different points, three-fourths of it had been intercepted and destroyed on the passage, provided there had been a chance that the remainder could effect a landing, and expose some portion of this Country to rapine and plunder, before its strength (then not prepared as at present) could be sufficiently collected to overpower them.

them.—Perhaps too, the false and impudent exaggerations of the few desperate incendiaries who wish to introduce French principles among us, might have really deluded them into the hope (which they at least professed to entertain) of finding auxiliaries and confederates in the bosom of this Country. But even these hopes, vain and ill-founded as they were, exist no longer.

The impotent malice of the disaffected has been exposed and detected.—The sound part of the community is completely on its guard. Almost every man who has property, is armed to defend it; and the fidelity and loyalty of the great mass of the Nation (untainted by all the pernicious doctrines so industriously propagated) is as manifest as their courage. When the threat of Invasion was first ostentatiously announced, the *Army of England* formed; the *Conqueror of Italy* appointed its Commander, and its Divisions begun to be assembled on the extensive line of Coast opposite to this Country, from *Brest* to the *Texel*;—the whole armed force of every description (excluding the Supplementary Militia and Provisional Cavalry, neither of which were then embodied) hardly exceeded 100,000 men; and a large proportion of this force was raised only for the local defence of particular Districts. The additional force which has either been raised, or trained and embodied, since that period, has augmented our means of defence by at least 150,000 men;—above half of them voluntarily enrolled, and supported without expence to the public, and almost all of them applicable to service in any part where an attack is likely to be made.

It is not, however, so much from the actual amount of our armed force, or the extent of our preparation, however great and unexampled, that We are to calculate

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our strength and security.—The military spirit, the public zeal, the just national pride, and the manly and well-grounded confidence which pervade and animate all classes of society;—these are what really constitute our defence; and in the midst of the degradation and misery of so large a part of Europe, have taught our presumptuous Enemy, that there is at least still one Nation, which can neither be seduced by their intrigues, nor intimidated by their menaces, nor subdued by their power.

In *Ireland*, the prospect at the period to which we have referred was indeed alarming; and the crisis which has since taken place, has been anxious and awful. But many as have been the calamities which have been brought on that Country, and deeply as they must be regretted, this severe trial has perhaps proved its safety and deliverance. The state of that Kingdom, so far behind us in manners, civilization and industry (notwithstanding its rapid improvement during the last twenty years); the volatile character of its inhabitants; together with the circumstance of there being so few resident proprietors, and scarce any of that intermediate order which forms the link and connection between the higher and lower classes of society; all tended to fit them for the reception of those Jacobin Principles which Foreign Emissaries and Domestic Traitors have long been labouring to infuse. These arts had been too successful. The Associations of *United Irishmen*, formed on French Principles, known to be in direct correspondence with 'he Enemy, placed under military direction, and sworn to the extirpation of all that was respectable in the Country, was known to be spread through every Province in Ireland, and in many parts to be rapidly increasing. They held out no particular or specific grievance; they aimed at no limited

Reform of any real or pretended abuse; but at an absolute separation from *Grèat Britain*;—at the plunder and confiscation of all property; the destruction of the whole frame of Government, and the erection of a Jacobin Republic under the auspices of *France*. And they were eagerly waiting for the moment when the co-operation of French force, might enable them to make a great and concerted effort for the execution of their design.— Happily, before such a co-operation was attempted, unexpected discoveries led to the seizure of some of their principal Leaders, and hastened the explosion of the plot.—The struggle has indeed been severe; and decisive as are the successes which have been obtained against the principal force that has appeared, We can scarcely yet pronounce that it is finally terminated. But We see enough, to consider it as a circumstance of the first importance to the Empire, that the crisis was not delayed; and the events by which it has been attended, give Us grounds of courage and confidence, which had never been afforded to us before.

Deeply as the Conspiracy was rooted, and widely as it was extended, We have seen that there was by no means that concert and union between different parts of the Kingdom, which at one time was apprehended. In the height of the Rebellion, although the Jacobin spirit (ready always to avail itself of every pretext, and to associate in its cause Allies of the most opposite qualities) endeavoured to fight under *Catholic* banners, and many of the lower orders were deluded by this imposture; yet We have seen that the *Catholics*, as such, were not united in the cause. On the contrary, many of the most respectable among them honourably stood forward in opposing it;—above all, the Troops of every descrip-

tion,—Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, composed of *Catholics* as well as *Protestants*,—removed all the suspicions which some persons had unjustly entertained against them; and by the proofs which they have given of their steadiness, fidelity, and valour, have shewn that the Country possesses means of defence adequate to any difficulty with which it can have to struggle.

In addition to all this, the prompt and efficacious assistance from *England*; and the alacrity, zeal and ardour with which the Militia and Fencibles of this Kingdom flew to the defence of their fellow-subjects in *Ireland*, form an æra in the history of this Country, from which We may consider the strength and security of the British Empire as augmented beyond calculation. And We cannot help indulging the hope, that this single circumstance is capable of awakening sentiments in both Countries, which, when the present ferment is subsided, will unite them more and more in the closest ties of affectionate connection.

We have hitherto contemplated what has passed in both Kingdoms, with reference only to our domestic exertions. To complete the picture, We should turn for a moment to our Naval operations during the same period. In the midst of the menaces and preparations of Invasion, We have seen all the principal Ports of *France*, and *Spain*, and *Holland*, submitting at the same time to be blocked up for months by our Fleets, without daring in any instance to oppose them. Instead of being at liberty to detach an offensive Expedition, they have been unable to convey ships or stores from one part of their coast to another. Scarce a Frigate or Privateer has stolen from any of their harbours, which has not fallen into our hands. One of the chief points selected for the collection of

of their invading force, has itself been the object of our successful attack; and their preparations through the whole line of adjacent coast, have been, in consequence of it, discontinued. Renouncing their boasted enterprize of Invasion from the Coasts of the Channel, they have turned their great effort to the *Mediterranean*, and in that remote quarter have fitted out a mysterious Expedition, which they trusted would at least have scope to act without molestation from our Navy.—The issue, as well as the object of this enterprize, is yet uncertain: but We see them already trembling for the event.—They know, that with a secrecy, promptitude and energy never exceeded, at the very moment when they thought themselves most secure in that quarter, and were menacing the *British* and *Irish* Coasts, a Squadron, suddenly detached from *Ireland* itself, has enabled Lord ST. VINCENT to send a force to the *Mediterranean*, probably sufficient to disappoint this great and boasted effort, and perhaps to add another brilliant Trophy to the long series of Naval successes which have raised the Maritime Character of this Country to its present proud pre-eminence.—Pursued and surprized in the quarter where they least expected it, the blockade of all their other Ports has notwithstanding been continued without intermission, and a new Squadron is on the Coast of *Ireland*, ready to meet any force which might, by any accidental circumstances, be enabled to elude the vigilance of our Fleets in the Channel, the Ocean, or the *Mediterranean*.

WEEKLY EXAMINER.

EXPEDITION TO OSTEND.

EVERY day furnishes us with new opportunities for relieving the patriotic distresses of the *Morning Chronicle*, respecting the "illegitimate" Expedition to *Ostend*. Its "lamentations" We were long since fortunate enough to remove; and We think we can now venture, from the *best authority*, to clear up the "mystery*" he was lately pleased to find in it.

"By a Letter from *Bruges*, he was informed, that the Sluice of *Sley*—
 " *hym* was not blown up, and the Canal was still navigable"—*Mr.*
JEKYL's Speech, Courier, &c. &c. June 21.

We do not see the great propriety of Gentlemen's receiving Letters from *Bruges*, or any other place belonging to the Enemy, and venturing to contradict the evidence of our own Officers, on their more than suspicious statements. Be this as it may, the Papers of the following day contained the following *Palinodia* :

"He had stated, on the authority of persons whom he had supposed to be competent judges, that this Expedition was not attended with any success, and that no damage had been done to the Enemy's Sluices which could not have been soon repaired.
 "This morning, however, he had been waited upon by Captain POPHAM, who had consulted with Captain WINTER, and he stated to him, that from what he had seen himself, the WORKS OF ALL THE SLUICES HAD BEEN COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED;
 "THAT THE NAVIGATION OF THE CANAL WAS PUT AN END TO, EXCEPT AT THE TIME OF THE INFLUX OF THE TIDE;

* *Morning Chronicle*, May 25.

" THAT THE MASON WORK WAS DESTROYED; AND THAT THE
 " WHOLE OF THE DAMAGES COULD NOT BE REPAIRED IN LESS
 " THAN TWELVE MONTHS."—*Mr. JEKYL'S Speech, Courier, &c.*
&c. June 22.

We are not ill-pleased with this circumstance. Our brave Officers have at length discovered a method by which they may have justice done them. The fidelity of their Official Accounts will now no longer be wantonly questioned, or sturdily denied on the authority of *Letters* from the Enemy's Country.

In conclusion, We again congratulate the *Morning Chronicle* on its good fortune. The Men, whom it basely and traitorously taxed with cowardice; whom it declared to be " without courage, or energy, and ready to deliver their swords to the first puny Whipster that might apply for them *," have, at last, wrung from it, and it's abettors, a reluctant testimony to their efficacy and valour. It will hardly, therefore, venture to terrify us in future, by hinting at the superiority of the Enemy's invading Fleets and Armies, and still less, will it presume to complain of the " inutility" or " unhappy failure" of this expedition, after so unquestionable an exposure of its importance and success!!!

MISREPRESENTATIONS.

" IN some of the *Treasury Prints*"—Before we proceed, we wish to ask the *Morning Chronicle* what he

* *Morning Chronicle*, February 8.

means by a *Treasury* Print? Is it a Print in the pay of the *Whig Club*, or the *Corresponding Society*? for *they* have a *Treasury*—Or does he allude to the *Treasury* of the United Irishmen? that *they* too have one, some of his Great Friends can inform him—Or to that of the *Directory*? for that they have a *Treasury*, we presume he will not be inclined to deny—Or, quitting these, shall we say, what is in this instance, perhaps, the truth, that the *Morning Chronicle*, means by *Treasury* Prints, such as labour to oppose a dyke to the inundation of blasphemy, and misrule, with which he and his patriotic Brethren are indefatigably striving to overwhelm us?—To return—

“ In some of the *Treasury* Prints it is reported, that the Soldiers “ were so irritated, that they could not be kept from destroying “ Lord MOIRA’s house in Ireland—a most edifying example of “ the great benefits likely to arise from *Military Deliberation*.”—*Morning Chronicle*, June 27.

The *Morning Chronicle* is the most unfortunate of all Prints. We have scarce removed his uneasiness respecting the “ illegitimate” Expedition to *Ostend*—and We trust We have done it effectually—ere a new source of misery is opened to him, in the generous ardour of the *Militia*, in their voluntary offers to assist in the suppression of the Rebellion now unhappily prevailing in Ireland. This the *Morning Chronicle* maliciously calls *deliberating*; and every Paper, and almost every Paragraph, for the last ten days, has teemed with sarcastic and venomous effusions against a measure which wanted nothing to prove its importance, but the rage of the Jacobins, so constantly and systematically directed against the best efforts of their Country.

In the present instance, however, We fancy the “ virtuous” indignation of the *Morning Chronicle* is a little misplaced,

misplaced. If he will please to look again at the "Treasury Prints," he will find that the destruction of Lord MOIRA's House (if it be destroyed, which we doubt) was not effected by the Militia of England; so that the sneer at their "deliberation" might have been spared.—If he really wishes to know why the "Soldiers were so "irritated," we beg leave to refer him to the Speech of Lord CLARE.—He will there find that several Soldiers of the Regiment had been seduced from their allegiance by the Inhabitants of Lord MOIRA's *loyal* town of *Ballynahinch*; tried by a Court Martial in consequence of it, and four of them shot.—This seduction of their Comrades, and a variety of other provocations, given by his Lordship's Tenants, and, if Lord CLARE is to be believed (which no man will doubt) by some of his Servants*, seems a more natural way of accounting for their "irritation," than a *deliberation* (as the *Morning Chronicle* chuses to call it) of which they never heard, which was entered into by the Troops of another Country; and, to sum up all, was subsequent to the transaction to which it is here said to have given rise!!!
O! *te Bolane*—

The Morning Chronicle v. The Morning Chronicle.

"Ministers say they DO NOT WISH the Army to *deliberate*."—*June 21.*

This was an unfortunate slip. The *Morning Chronicle*, whose alacrity in blundering surprizes even its friends, conceived that the Voluntary Offers of the Militia to

* It appears from the depositions taken before Mr. HAMILTON, that Lord MOIRA's Gardener and Groom acknowledged themselves to be United Irishmen!!!—See *Lord Clare's Speech*, P. 31, 42.

serve out of the Country, meant a Manifesto from the War-Office, on which the Troops were to meet and consult. To assist in crushing the Rebellion in Ireland, the *Morning Chronicle* had sense enough to remark, must needs be an alarming measure to the Jacobins of both Clubs, and he immediately set himself about counteracting the Ministry, as he supposed, and advising the Soldiers *to deliberate*. Some one, however, who had read the Debates in his own Paper, and had penetration enough to discover the meaning of them, informed him that this "deliberation" originated with the Troops themselves, and consisted merely in asking one another if they were willing to stand forth for their King and Country in the present emergency. "Do you say so?"—quoth the Patriotic and perspicacious Editor—"Adzooks! then, I must advise the Soldiers *not to deliberate*. I had like to have made a terrible mistake here; I am glad it was discovered in time"—and immediately appeared the following:

"The new Bill is in every point of view objectionable: to ENCOURAGE THE ARMY *to deliberate*, is a measure so alarming," &c.
&c.—Morning Chronicle, June 22.

Such is the change of language one day can produce! and such is the consistency of those boasted advocates of political integrity and virtue!

UNJUST AGGRESSION.

WHILE we are closing our accounts with our other Correspondents, it would be the height of ingratitude not to take some notice of him, with whom we have more than

than once had occasion to interchange civilities,—our Antagonist in the *Morning Chronicle*.

We really wished to have done with the subject of LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD,—We wished sincerely not to have been obliged to enter upon it. We were forced to do so by the gross and impudent mis-statements which were circulated upon the subject; which, to have suffered to go uncontradicted, when we had the means of contradiction in our power, would have been to make ourselves in some measure parties to the delusion attempted to be practised upon the Public here, and to the libellous imputation thrown upon the execution of the law in the Sister Kingdom.

It was asserted over and over again in all Companies, that the Officers who were sent to apprehend LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD *had no Warrant*, and that they *fired at him* before he had begun to make any resistance. These assertions were daily gaining ground, and making considerable impression upon the minds of many well-meaning People. We knew them to be false. We proved them to be so, by producing Mr. SWAN's sworn Affidavit, which We affirmed, and do again affirm, in spite of all the law-learning of our Antagonist, to be of unimpeached credit, and decisive of the point in question, so long as it remains uncontradicted by an evidence of equal solemnity.

But is there (it may be asked) a possibility of its being contradicted? Was there any body present during the Arrest, who is not a party to the transaction, and consequently interested in telling the same story?—Yes; *Murphy* was present,—the Friend, the Partizan, the host of LORD EDWARD. Where is *his* Affidavit in contradiction to Mr. SWAN's? If in contradiction to it any thing

thing *could* have been sworn or said, there can be little doubt that such a counter-testimony would have been industriously procured, and unsparingly used. But there is no such thing. Away then with all silly attempts to invalidate the clear and convincing testimony of Mr. SWAN; and shame on the attempt to blast his character! —Mr. SWAN is an honest and respectable Man, and NOT A TRAITOR. Had he died of his wounds, as his companion, Mr. RYAN, did, he would have fallen in the execution of his duty to his Country. His Friends might have wept, but they would have had no reason to blush for him.

Such is our opinion. Such we believe will be the opinion of the PUBLIC, in defiance of any flimsy and fantastical involutions of argument, or any “quips and cranks” of metaphor, which may be employed to bring them back into error upon the subject. The Public may be misled by a false statement, when there is nothing opposed to it. But it is too much to expect that they should knowingly abjure truth and wilfully recant conviction.

So much for the subject of our Antagonist's last effusion; of which we now finally take our leave. As to the person of our Antagonist, or his pedigree;—We have no desire to talk about them.—Our business is with his writings.—We conjectured, from the damning evidence of style, that he must be the same Writer with whom we had been forced into the disgraceful necessity of contending several times in the course of our Work. He pleads guilty to the accusation. We thank him for gratifying our curiosity. But as we cannot accuse ourselves of having suffered any one of his literary enormities to go unpunished, either by Prose or Verse, at the time of its
5 being

being committed, We have no intention of raking up his old offences; but shall content ourselves with assuring him in perfect soberness and sincerity, that we never should have gone out of our way to meet him, had he not commenced what we conceived a most "Unjust Aggression" upon us;—that we have never quarrelled with his Statement of Facts, except where we knew we could disprove it; and never laughed at his style, except when we thought it infinitely ridiculous.

POETRY.

THE following Popular Song is said to be in great vogue among the Loyal Troops in the North of IRELAND.—The Air, and the turn of the Composition, are highly original. It is attributed (as our Correspondent informs us), to a Fifer in the DRUMBALLYRONEY Volunteers.

BALLYNAHINCH.

A NEW SONG.

I.

A certain great Statesman, whom all of us know,
In a certain Assembly, no long while ago,
Declared from this maxim he never would flinch,
"That no Town was so *Loyal* as BALLYNAHINCH."

II.

II.

The great Statesman it seems had perused all their faces,
And being mightily struck with their loyal grimaces;
While each Townsman had sung, like a Throstle or Finch,
"We are all of us *Loyal*, at BALLYNAHINCH."

III.

The great Statesman return'd to his Speeches and Readings;
And the *Ballynabincbers* resum'd their Proceedings;
They had most of them sworn "*We'll be true to the Frinch**,"
So *Loyal* a Town was this BALLYNAHINCH!

IV.

Determin'd their Landlord's fine words to make good,
They hid Pikes in his haggard, cut Staves in his wood;
And attack'd the King's Troops—the assertion to clinch,
That no Town is so *Loyal* as BALLYNAHINCH.

V.

O! had we but trusted the *Rebels'* Professions,
Met their Cannon with smiles, and their Pikes with concessions:

Tho' they still took an *ell*, when we gave them an *inch*,
They would all have been *Loyal*—like BALLYNAHINCH.

VIRI ERUDITI,

SI vobis hocce poematum, de navali laude Britanniae,
paucis annis ante conscriptum, nuperrimè recensitum atque
emendatum, fortè arrideat, quærite in proximis vestris
tabulis locum quendam secretum atque securum, ubi
repositum suâ sorte perfruatur. Quod si in me hanc

* *Hibernicè pro FRENCH.*

gratiam contuleritis, devinctus vobis ero et astrictus beneficio.

ETONENSIS.

SUCCESSU si freta brevi, fatisque secundis,
Europæ sub pace vetet requiescere gentes,
Inque dies ruat ulteriùs furialibus armis
GALLIA, tota instans à sedibus eruere imis
Fundamenta, quibus cultæ Commercia vitæ
Firmant se subnixa;—tuisne, BRITANNIA, regnis
Ecquid ab hoste times; dum te tua saxa tuentur,
Dum pelagus te vorticibus spumantibus ambit?

Tu medio stabilita mari, atque ingentibus undis
Cincta sedes; nec tu angusto, Vulcania tanquam
Trinacris, interclusa sinu; nec faucibus arctis
Septa freti brevis, impositisque coercita claustris.
Liberiora Tibi spatia, et porrecta sine ullo
Limite regna patent (quanto neque maxima quondam
Carthago, aut Phænissa Tyros, ditissima tellus
Floruit imperio) confiniaque ultima mundi.

Ergone formidabis adhuc, ne se inferat olim,
Et campis impunè tuis superingruat hostis?
Usque adeone parùm est, quod latè litora cernas
Præruptis turrita jugis, protentaque longo
Circuitu, & tutos passim præbentia portus?
Præsertim australes ad aquas, Damnoniaque arva,
Aut ubi Vecta viret, secessusque insula fidos
Efficit objectu laterum; saxosave Dubris
Velivolum latè pelagus, camposque liquentes
Aeria, adversasque aspectat desuper oras.

Nec levibus sanè auguriis, aut omine nullo
Auguror hinc fore perpetuum per secula nomen:

I

Dum

Dum nautis tam firma tuis, tam prodiga vitæ
 Pectora, inexplētâ succensa cupidine famæ,
 Nec turpi flectenda metu ; dum maxima quercus,
 Majestate excelsa suâ, atque ingentibus umbris,
 Erigitur, vasto nodosa atque aspera trunco ;
 Silvarum regina. Hæc formidabilis olim
 Noctem inter mediam nimborum, hyemesque sonantes,
 Ardua se attollit super æquora ; quam neque fluctûs
 Spumosi attenuat furor, aut violentia venti
 Frangere, et in medio potis est dirumpere ponto.

Viribus his innixa, saloque accincta frementi,
 Tu media inter bella sedes ; ignara malorum,
 Quæ tolerant obsessæ urbes, cûm jam hostica clausas
 Fulminat ad portas acies, vallataque circûm
 Castra locat, sævisque aditus circumsidet armis.

Talia sunt tibi perpetuæ fundamina famæ,
 Ante alias diis cara, BRITANNIA ! Prælia cerno
 Inclyta, perpetuos testes quid maxima victrix,
 Quid possis preclara tuo, maris arbitra, ponto.

Hæc inter, sanctas æternâ laude calendas
 Servandas recolo, quibus illa, immane minata
 Gentibus excidium, totum grassata per orbem
 Ausaque jam imperiis intactum amplectier æquor,
 Illa odiis lymphata, et libertate recenti
 GALLIA, disjectam ferali funere classem
 Indoluit devicta, et non reparabile vulnus.
 Tempore quo instructas vidit longo ordine puppes
 Rostratâ certare acie, et concurrere ad arma,
 Ætheraque impulsu tremere, Uxantisque per undas
 Lugubre lumen agi, atque rubentem fulgure fumum.

Cerno triumphatas acies, quo tempore IBERÛM
 Disjectos fastus, lacerisque aplustria velis
 Horrui Oceanus :—quali formidine Gades

Inter-

Intremere, ut fractâ classem se mole moventem
Hospitium petere, et portus videre relictos!

Quid referam, nobis quæ nuper adorea risit,
Te rursûs superante, die quo decolor ibat
Sanguine BELGARUM Rhenus, fluctusque minores
Volvebat, frustrâ indignans polluta cruore
Ostia, & Angliaco tremefactas fulmine rupes.

Cerno pias ædes procûl, & regalia quondam
Atria, cæruleis quæ preterlabitur undis
Velivolus Thamesis; materno ubi denique nautas
Excipis amplexu, virtus quoscumque virilis
Per pelagi impulerit discrimina, quælibet ausos
Pro Patrjâ. Hic rude donantur, dulcique senescunt
Hospitio emeriti, placidâque quiete potiti
Vulnera præteritos jactant testantia casus.

Macte ideó decus Oceani! Macte omne per ævum
Victrix, æquoreo stabilita BRITANNIA regno!
Litoribusque tuis ne propugnacula tantum
Præsidio fore, nec saxi munimina credas,
Nec tantum quæ mille acies in utrumque parantur
Aut patriam tutari, aut non superesse cadenti;
Invictæ quantum metuenda tonitrua CLASSIS,
Angliacæ CLASSIS;—quæ majestate verendâ
Ultrix, inconcussa, diu dominabitur orbi,
Hostibus invidiosa tuis, et sæpe triumphis
Nobilitata novis, pelagi Regina subacti.

We trust our ingenious Correspondent will not consider Us as influenced in the speedy insertion of his little Poem, by the Bribe which he so flatteringly holds out to Us. Though We are said by our Antagonists to be Courtiers, We can assure him We are incorruptible; at least by any other boon than what his Verses themselves

con-

contain, sterling Merit; and the praises and triumphs of a Country endeared to us by every tie of gratitude and affection.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BUT one Mail has arrived from the Continent since the publication of our last Number, and that has brought little Intelligence that is at all important. The *French Paper* come up to the 26th of last month.

The proceedings at RASTADT consist chiefly in reciprocations of civilities between Count COBENZL and FRANCOIS de NEUFCHATEAU. The Ex-director, it appears, can cross the river by day, though the Constitution (wisely no doubt, as being, like all the preceding Constitutions of the French, a master-piece of "human wisdom") forbids his sleeping out of the territory of the Republic. As for Count COBENZL, he can cross and re-cross at his pleasure;—or rather (as befits the Representative of the first Crowned Head in Europe) at the pleasure of his opposite neighbour the Ex-Director. We have it not from any very good authority, that FRANCOIS is in the habit of laying wagers, that he will bring M. COBENZL over at any hour of the day or night, at five minutes' warning;—and that the Boatmen are observed to laugh whenever the First Minister and Minister Plenipotentiary of his IMPERIAL MAJESTY, the EMPEROR and KING, comes down to the Bank of the River in a great hurry, in consequence of a Summons from the French Ex-Poet and Politician.—But there is every

every reason to believe that NEUFCHATEAU would win his wagers, if he laid them;—and the Watermen of the *Rhine* must have very little taste for ridicule, if they are not amused with the *fetching and carrying* which M. COBENZL has been taught since his arrival at *Rastadt*; and which it is but justice to say, he has taken-to, as naturally as though he were born for it.

While Peace is negotiating in this manner;—a Peace in which, if the materials are to answer to the workmanship, there will be as much care taken of the dignity of the EMPEROR, as there will be security provided for the integrity of the Empire—The Austrian Government is, however, continuing its Armaments: the Regiments are recruited to the full War Establishment; and it should seem, therefore, that there *are* some points, although the French have not yet been fortunate enough to hit upon them, which would provoke a renewal of Hostilities. The French, it must be owned, have not been wanting in ingenuity, nor in their endeavours to discover what are the topics of interest, or of feeling, what are the *sore places*, as it were, of the Austrian Government, where a touch would irritate, and perhaps drive them into action. And to an impartial Observer, it would really appear that they have gone as far as they could go upon this system.

It would indeed be a bold undertaking, to pronounce what is the utmost length that France *can* proceed in insult and aggression, even under the pretext of not meaning hostility; and it is not easy, after what We have seen, to conjecture what are the extremest limits of Austrian suffering and forbearance. But if one had been consulted beforehand by the Directory, upon the degrees of provocation upon which they might venture, without

incurring the risque of a rupture, an honest Counsellor would probably have advised them to stop far short of what they have already done, and done safely. If the Directory had said in the first place—"We mean to cancel and annul the Preliminaries of *Leoben*, as having been extorted from our *generosity*. We shall make another Treaty as a new Basis for the Negotiation for Peace; and *this* Treaty we shall equally disregard in the course of our subsequent proceedings; and if ever it is referred to on the part of the EMPEROR, shall treat his Ministers as Blockheads and Drivellers, for supposing that We *could* intend to adhere literally to stipulations so little to our own advantage. We shall erect new Republics in the neighbourhood of the EMPEROR's Dominions, and partly out of the Spoils of his Territory;—and as for the Cessions which We make to him, We shall take care to strip them bare of every thing that is valuable, to give them into his hands in the most defenceless and distracted state; and after he is in possession of them, shall continue to foment and encourage a spirit of discontent and resistance, which may at no distant period wrest them from him again, without our stir; or, at all events, must render them a barren and profitless acquisition, full of turbulence, anxiety, and danger."

To this who would not have answered—"Beware—if you mean Peace, this is not the way to attain it. This is more than any power on earth can bear—"

"Mean Peace!"—would the Directory reply—"Hear further. We shall, beside these essential matters, contrive to wound the pride of the Austrian Monarchy, to revolt the feelings of the Austrian People"—and then they would have developed the Plan of BERNADOTTE's proceedings at *Vienna*—"Will this lead to War?"

It

"It cannot chuse but do so"—would have been the inevitable answer.

"No matter—*We* shall be before-hand with the Court of *Vienna*, and ask reparation of *IT*, for the insult which *IT* will have sustained.—We will demand the dismissal of their Minister: if they appoint another, it will probably be COBENZL; and if it be—We will (it is almost too ludicrous to state—but We will) make BUONAPARTE send him a Letter, saying that nobody but they two can settle the business at *Rastadt*—and then"—

"If Count COBENZL comes, it will be well—you will have tried *Vienna* high enough, and it will be time to have done with the System of useless provocation"—

"Done!—if BUONAPARTE were indeed to meet him, that might be possible—But BUONAPARTE will have other work on his hands.—No, no—We shall send an Ex-director to meet him, a Minister whom a sort of Constitutional Hydrophobia will prevent from crossing the boundary river (for we ought to have mentioned, that We will have the *Rhine* for our boundary, let the EMPEROR or Empire say what they please)—and then, with an erect and inflamed insolence on one side, and a broken and subdued spirit on the other, we may probably negotiate to some advantage."

If this had been stated *before* the event, is there a mind so pacific that would have anticipated any thing but war? BUT ALL THIS *has* HAPPENED—And the Peace which is to save Europe, is still negotiating. The Peace *may* be concluded in form; but it is not by *such* a Peace that Europe can be saved.

There are no accounts from *Holland*, which throw any light on the origin or extent of the late Revolution. We have found no reason to distrust our last Communications upon this subject, which stated, among other circumstances, that the *Adherents of the Stadtholder are permitted to vote*. But We are far from inferring from this fact, that the Revolution has been planned or executed on any principles peculiarly favourable to the HOUSE of ORANGE. It is probably only one feature which marks the return of the System of *Moderation*, in contra-distinction to that established in imitation of the 18th *Fructidor*. The whole has obviously been concerted with the French Directory; as DAENDELS was some time at *Paris*, previously to his taking the measure.— And as the former Revolution was intended to get rid of that troublesome spirit of “Independence” on the part of the Batavians, of which Mr. STONE speaks with such indignation in his Letters to Dr. PRIESTLEY, it is not improbable that the only intention of this change may be to restore things to the state in which they then were, —finding the Batavians upon experience more governable, with some shew of that same “Independence,” however objectionable in itself, than under an avowed and unqualified Despotism.

THE *French Papers* are filled with Speculations upon BUONAPARTE's Expedition; of which nothing certain was known (publicly) at *Paris* so late as on the 26th *June*, and with triumphant accounts of the success of the Rebels in *Ireland*.

SYEYES is said to have set off for *Berlin*.

TALLEYRAND

TALLEYRAND is talked of as Minister to the *Porte*; which, supposing BUONAPARTE's destination to be to the East, might become a Post of considerable importance. He is also mentioned for other Foreign Missions; but it is thought that he himself prefers his present situation to any other. *He* does not see that his Negotiations with X. Y. and Z. have in any degree discredited or disqualified him for his office.

WE this moment received the following important information from AMERICA. We give it to the Public without comment. Every man who has a spirit to feel for National Honour and National Independence, will rejoice with us, to see that the People of *America* are not insensible of the value of these blessings, and that they are preparing to vindicate them, in the only way in which they are to be vindicated with effect, against the tyranny, insolence, extortion and rapacity of the French Republic.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 18.

ON Saturday last the HOUSE of REPRESENTATIVES of the UNITED STATES passed a Bill which had originated in the SENATE, authorizing the PRESIDENT to direct the Commanders of the American Armed Vessels to take and bring into the Ports of this Country, any French Cruizers which shall have committed—or which shall be found hovering on the Coast of the United States, for the purpose of committing—depredations on the Citizens thereof; and also to retake any American Merchantmen that may have been captured by such Cruizers.

This Bill will probably receive the assent of the PRESIDENT in the course of to-day.

JUNE 2.—The vigorous measure adopted by the Congress of the United States, in authorizing American Vessels of War to Capture French Cruizers, has been followed up by another not less important, which (like that) originated in the SENATE, and passed the HOUSE of REPRESENTATIVES yesterday: A Bill to prohibit all Commercial Intercourse between this Country and any part of the French Dominions, during the continuance of the present Differences between *America* and *France*.

N° XXXVI.—MONDAY, JULY 9, 1798.

We shall miss thee ;

But yet thou shalt have freedom—

—So! to the Elements

Be free, and fare thee well.

THE TEMPEST.

WE have now completed our Engagement with the Public.—The ANTI-JACOBIN has been conducted to the close of the Session in strict conformity with the Principles upon which it was first undertaken.

Its reception with the Public has been highly favourable:—it certainly has been out of proportion to any merit which has appeared in the execution of the Work.—This is not said in the mere cant of Authorship.—We are sensible that much of our success has been owing to the improved state of the Public mind;—an improvement existing from other causes, and to which, if we have in any degree contributed, it has in return operated to our advantage, by a re-action more than equal to any impression which our exertions could have produced.—There is, however, one species of merit to which we lay claim without hesitation:—We mean that of the Spirit and Principles upon which we have acted.—That

R I 4

Spirit,

Spirit, We trust We shall leave behind us.—The SPELL of *Jacobin invulnerability* is now broken *.

We know from better authority than that of CAMILLE JORDAN, that one of our Daily Papers was, early in the French Revolution, purchased by France, and devoted to the dissemination of tenets, which, at the period to which we allude, seemed necessary to the success of the Ruling Party.

For some time matters went on swimmingly. The Editors of the favoured Prints divided their time and their attention between *London* and *Paris*; and the superiority of the governing Party in France, over its Opponents, was as duly, and as strenuously maintained in the English Papers, as in the “*Journal du Pere de Chene* †,” “*Journal par L’Ami du Peuple* ‡,” or any other Journal that issued from the Presses of the Jacobin Society.

As the principles of the Revolution, however, acquired consistency in France, the struggle between the Governing Party and its Opponents became an object of less moment, and the Jacobins had leisure, as they long had had inclination, to turn their views to this Country.

A State, enjoying under a Government which they had proscribed as utterly incapable of producing either, as

* We see with some pleasure, that what we anticipated is beginning to take effect. A New MAGAZINE and REVIEW is already advertised, under the same Name which we had adopted, and professedly on the same Principles. We have no knowledge of the undertaking, but from report, which speaks favourably of it; but we heartily wish this, and every work of a similar kind, a full and happy success.

† Published by HERENT.

‡ Published by MARAT.

much

much freedom and happiness as comport with the nature of Man, was too bitter a satire on the decision of these new SOLONS, to be regarded with patience; and the pens which had been so industriously employed in celebrating the plunderers and perturbators of France, were now engaged in the benevolent design of recommending their principles, and their plans of ameliorating the condition of the human race by Atheism and Plunder, to the serious notice of the People of *Great Britain*.

Affairs seemed rapidly hastening to a crisis: *France* saw with delight the numbers seduced by the sophistry of her Writers, and by the alluring prospects of proscription and plunder; and her Agents, who snuffed the scent of blood like Vultures, already anticipated the Revolution which they now believed inevitable; when the Ministry, who had viewed the progress of the evil with an anxious but untterrified eye, roused themselves into unexampled energy, and called on the Nation to rally round the Constitution which they had received from their Forefathers.

The call was gloriously answered;—Thousands and tens of thousands sprung forth in its defence; and the barbarous hordes which so lately threatened its destruction, over-awed by their numbers, shrunk from the contest without a struggle, and vanished from the field.

But the nature of a Jacobin is restless—His hatred of all subordination is unbounded, and his thirst of plunder and blood urgent and insatiable. In arms he found himself infinitely too weak to obtain his purpose; he must, therefore, have recourse again to artifice; and by fallacies and lies, endeavoured to subvert and betray the judgment of those he could not openly hope to subdue.

The

For this purpose, the Press was engaged, and almost monopolized in all its branches: Reviews, Registers, Monthly Magazines, and Morning and Evening Prints, sprung forth in abundance.

Of these last (the only Publications with which we have any immediate concern) it is not too much to say, that they have laboured in the cause of infamy, with a perseverance which no sense of shame could repress, and no dread of punishment overcome.

The objects committed to their charge were multifarious. They were to revile all Religions, but particularly the Christian, whose DIVINE FOUNDER was to be blasphemously compared to *Bacchus*, and represented as equally ideal, or, if real, more bestial and besotted!— They were to magnify the power of *France* on all occasions; to deny her murders; to palliate her robberies; to suppress all mention of her miseries, and to hold her forth to the unenlightened Englishman as the mirror of justice, and truth, and generosity, and meekness, and humanity, and moderation, and tender forbearance:— and, on the other hand, they were to depreciate the spirit, and the courage, and the resources of *England*: they were to impede, if possible, and if not, to ridicule and revile, every measure which the honour, the prosperity, or the safety of the Country might imperiously require; they were to represent the Government as insidiously aiming to enslave the Nation, by every attempt to maintain its Independence; and the majority of both Houses, the great body of Proprietors, as anxious to scatter and confound that wealth, which *their* Patrons alone, the respectable sweepings of *Craven-House*, and the *Crown* and *Anchor Tavern*, were solicitous to augment and preserve.

These, our Readers will allow, were no common objects, and if they have looked into the *Morning Chronicle*, *Morning Post*, and *Courier*; Journals to which our attention has been chiefly directed, they must have seen that their attainment was sought by no common means; by an *invariable* course of Falsehood and Misrepresentation—such, at least, was our idea on the first perusal of these Papers, an idea which every succeeding one served to strengthen and confirm.

To detect and expose this Falsehood, and to correct this Misrepresentation, became at length an object of indispensable necessity: a variety of fabrications of the most malignant nature had obtained currency and credit, from the unblushing impudence with which they were first obtruded on the Public by the Agents of Sedition; and the apathy with which they were suffered to pass uncontradicted by those who despised them for their atrocity, or ridiculed them for their folly:—these were unfortunately operating on the less enlightened part of the Nation, and it was from a full conviction of the pernicious effects they were calculated to produce, that we finally determined to step forth (after patiently waiting to see whether the business would not be taken up by abler hands), and to oppose such antidotes to the evil, as a regard for truth, and a sincere love and veneration for the Constitution under which we have flourished for ages, could supply.

How we have succeeded, must be left to the judgment of the Public. If we might venture, indeed, to conjecture from the support which we have experienced, the result would be flattering in an unusual degree.—Three complete Editions of our Paper (a circumstance,

we believe, as yet without a precedent) have been disposed of, and the demand for them still increases.

But the motives of Profit, as will readily, we believe, be granted to us, have little influence on our minds: we contemplate the extensive circulation of our Paper with pleasure, solely from the consideration of the VAST NUMBERS of our Countrymen whom we have fortified by our animadversions, against the profligate attacks of the Agents of Sedition, whether furnished by the *Whig Club*, the *Corresponding Society*, or the *Directory of France*.

Calculation was not originally our delight. Nor was it till after we saw the wonderful effects which it produced in the pages of the Jacobinical Arithmeticians, that we were tempted to adopt it. Our first Essay, however, was crowned with the most complete success. In our Seventh Number, we gave (still following the laudable example of the Jacobins, who, when a Ship is to be fitted out, or a Regiment raised, for the purpose of defending our Country from an insolent and barbarous foe, nicely calculate how many idle mouths might be fed by the sums required)—We gave, we say, as accurate a statement as we could form, of the number of People that might be supplied with wholesome food for one day, by the SURCHARGE levied on the DUKE of BEDFORD—a statement which, we are happy to add, placed the matter in so clear a light, that we have since had no occasion to repeat it.

Our Readers will not now be surprized, if we again have recourse to *Calculation*, to prove the advantages which (we love to flatter ourselves) have been derived from our Paper. Our Sale (to say nothing of the new
Edi-

Editions which have been disposed of) has regularly amounted to *Two Thousand Five Hundred* a week; on an average of several Papers, we find the Lies which have been detected to amount to *six*, and the Misrepresentations and Mistakes to *an equal number*;—this furnishes a total of *twelve*, which, multiplied by *thirty-five*, the number of the last ANTI-JACOBIN, gives a total of *four hundred and twenty*.

If we now take the number of Subscribers (2,500) and multiply them by 7, a number of which every one's family may be reasonably supposed to consist; we shall have a product of 17,500; but as many of these have made a practice, which We highly approve, and cannot too earnestly recommend, of lending our Papers to their poorer Neighbours, We must make an addition to the sum, which We evidently take too low at 32,500. We have thus an aggregate of 50,000 People, a most respectable minority of the Readers of the whole Kingdom; who have been put effectually on their guard, by our humble though earnest endeavours, against the artifices of the seditious, and the more open attacks of the profligate and abandoned Foes of their Constitution, their Country, and their God.

Further, if we multiply 50,000, the number of Readers, by 420, the exact number of Falsehoods detected—say 500—for We ought to take in bye-blows, and odd refutations in notes, &c.—the total of Twenty-five Millions will represent the aggregate of Falsehood which We have sent out of the World.

We have more than once repeated, that we entered upon this part of our task, not from any vain hope of convincing the Writers themselves. We knew this to
be

be impossible; the forehead of a *Jacobin*, like the shield of *AJAX*, is formed of seven bull-hides, and utterly incapable of any impression of shame or remorse—but we are convinced that we have rescued, as we stated above, Fifty Thousand persons from their machinations, and taught them not only a salutary distrust, but a contempt and disbelief, of every laboured article which appears in the Papers of this description.

Nor can We be accused of presumption in this declaration, when it is considered that the conviction on which We so confidently rely, is not the effect of a *solitary* impression on our Readers' minds, but of one four hundred and twenty times repeated (this being the fair amount of the number of Lies, &c. We have detected)—an agglomeration of impulse, which no prejudice could resist, and no pre-conceived partialities weaken or remove.

Here then We rest. We trust We have “done the State some service;”—We have driven the Jacobins from many strong-holds to which they most tenaciously held*. We have exposed their Principles, detected their Motives, weakened their Authority, and overthrown their Credit. We have shewn them in every instance, ignorant, and designing, and false, and wicked, and turbulent, and anarchical—various in their language, but united in their plans, and steadily pursuing through hatred and contempt, the destruction of their Country.

* See the Remarks on the Treaties of *Pilnitz* and *Pavia*, &c.; on *TATE's* Manifesto; on Neutral Navigation; on the Treatment of Prisoners; on the Continuation of the War for a *Spice Island*, &c. &c.

With

With this impression on the Minds of our Readers,
 WE TAKE OUR LEAVE of them. Their welfare is in
 their own hands; if they suffer the Jacobins to regain
 any of the influence of which We have deprived them,
 they will compromise their own Safety; but WE shall
 be blameless—*Liberavimus animas nostras.*—WE HAVE
 DONE OUR DUTY.

POETRY.

NEW MORALITY.

FROM mental mists to purge a Nation's eyes;
 To animate the weak, unite the wise;
 To trace the deep Infection, that pervades
 The crowded Town, and taints the rural Shades;
 To mark how wide extends the mighty Waste
 O'er the fair realms of Science, Learning, Taste;
 To drive and scatter all the brood of Lies,
 And chase the varying Falsehood as it flies;
 The long arrears of Ridicule to pay,
 To drag reluctant Dullness back to day;
 Much yet remains.—To you these themes belong,
 Ye favour'd Sons of Virtue and of Song!

Say, is the field too narrow? Are the times
 Barren of folly, and devoid of crimes?

Yet, venial vices, in a milder age,
 Could rouse the warmth of PORE's satiric rage:
 The doating Miser, and the lavish Heir,
 The follies, and the foibles of the Fair,

Sir

Sir Job, Sir Balaam, and old Eucio's thrift,
 And Sappho's diamonds with her dirty shift, 20
 Blunt, Charteris, Hopkins,—meaner subjects fired
 The keen-eyed Poet; while the Muse inspired
 Her ardent Child,—entwining, as he sate,
 His laurell'd chaplet with the thorns of Hate.

But say,—indignant does the Muse retire,
 Her shrine deserted, and extinct its fire?
 No pious hand to feed the sacred flame,
 No raptured soul a Poet's charge to claim?

Bethink thee, G—FF—RD; when some future age
 Shall trace the promise of thy playful page;— 30
 “(1) The hand which brush'd a swarm of Fools away
 “Should rouse to grasp a more reluctant prey!”—
 Think then, will pleaded indolence excuse
 The tame secession of thy languid Muse?

Ah! where is now that promise? why so long
 Sleep the keen shafts of satire and of song?
 Oh! come, with Taste and Virtue at thy side,
 With ardent zeal inflamed, and patriot pride;
 With keen poetic glance direct the blow,
 And empty all thy quiver on the Foe:— 40
 No pause—no rest—'till weltering on the ground
 The poisonous Hydra lies, and pierc'd with many a wound.

Thou too!—the (2) nameless Bard,—whose honest zeal
 For Law, for Morals, for the Public Weal,

(1) See the Motto prefixed to “The BAVIAD,” a Satirical Poem,
 by W. Gifford, Esq. unquestionably the best of its kind, since the
 days of Pope.

————— Nunc in ovilia
 Mox in reluctantes dracones.

(2) The Author of “The PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.”

Pours down impetuous on thy Country's Foes;
The stream of verse, and many languaged prose;
Thou too!—though oft thy ill-advis'd dislike
The guiltless head with random censure strike,—
Though quaint allusions, vague and undefin'd,
Play faintly round the ear, but mock the mind;—
Through the mix'd mass yet Truth and Learning shine,
And manly vigour stamps the nervous line;
And patriot warmth the generous rage inspires,
And wakes and points the desultory fires!

Yet more remain unknown:—for who can tell
What bashful Genius, in some rural cell,
As year to year, and day succeeds to day,
In joyless leisure wastes his life away?
In him the flame of early Fancy shone;
His genuine worth his old Companions own; 60
In childhood and in youth their Chief confess'd,
His Master's pride, his pattern to the rest.
Now, far aloof retiring from the strife
Of busy talents, and of active life,
As, from the loop-holes of retreat, he views
Our Stage, Verse, Pamphlets, Politics, and News,
He loaths the world,—or with reflection sad
Concludes it irrecoverably mad;
Of Taste, of Learning, Morals, all bereft,
No hope, no prospect to redeem it left. 70

Awake! for shame! or e'er thy nobler sense
Sink in the' oblivious pool of Indolence!
Must Wit be found alone on Falsehood's side,
Unknown to Truth, to Virtue unallied?
Arise! nor scorn thy Country's just alarms;
Wield in her cause thy long neglected arms:
Of lofty Satire pour th' indignant strain,
Leagued with her friends, and ardent to maintain

'Gainst Learning's, Virtue's, Truth's, Religion's foes,
A Kingdom's safety, and the World's repose. 80

If Vice appal thee,—if thou view with awe
Insults that brave, and Crimes that 'scape the Law ;—
Yet may the specious bastard brood, which claim
A spurious homage under Virtue's name,
Sprung from that Parent of ten thousand crimes,
The *New Philosophy* of modern times,—
Yet, these may rouse thee !—With unsparing hand
Oh, lash the vile impostures from the land !

First, stern PHILANTHROPY :—not she, who dries
The orphan's tears, and wipes the widow's eyes ; 90
Not She, who, sainted Charity her guide,
Of British bounty pours the annual tide :—
But *French* PHILANTHROPY ;—whose boundless mind
Glow's with the general love of all mankind ;—
PHILANTHROPY,—beneath whose baneful sway
Each patriot passion sinks, and dies away.

Taught in her school to' imbihe thy mawkish strain,
CONDORCET, filter'd through the drags of PAINÉ,
Each pert Adept disowns a Briton's part,
And plucks the name of ENGLAND from his heart. 100

What shall a name, a word, a sound controul
The' aspiring thought, and cramp the' expansive soul ?
Shall one half-peopled Island's rocky round
A love, that glows for all Creation, bound ?
And social charities contract the plan
Fram'd for thy Freedom, UNIVERSAL MAN ?
—No—through the' extended globe his feelings run
As broad and general as the' unbounded Sun !
No narrow bigot be :—his reason'd view
Thy interests, *England*, ranks with thine *Peru* ! 110

France

France at our doors, *he* sees no danger nigh,
But heaves for *Turkey's* woes the' impartial sigh;
A steady Patriot of the World alone,
The Friend of every Country—but his own.

Next comes a gentler Virtue.—Ah! beware
Lest the harsh verse her shrinking softness scare.
Visit her not too roughly;—the warm sigh
Breathes on her lips;—the tear-drop gems her eye.
Sweet SENSIBILITY, who dwells enshrin'd
In the fine foldings of the feeling mind;—
With delicate *Mimosa's* sense endu'd,
Who, shrinks instinctive from a hand too rude;
Or, like the *Anagallis*, prescient flow'r,
Shuts her soft petals at the' approaching show'r.

129

Sweet Child of sickly FANCY!—Her of yore
From her lov'd *France* ROUSSEAU to exile bore;
And, while midst lakes and mountains wild he ran
Full of himself, and shunn'd the haunts of Man,
Taught her o'er each lone vale and Alpine steep
To lisp the story of his wrongs, and weep;
Taught her to cherish still in either eye,
Of tender tears a plentiful supply,
And pour them in the brooks that babbled by;—
—Taught by nice scale to meet her feelings strong,
False by degrees, and exquisitely wrong;—
—For the crush'd Beetle, *first*,—the widow'd Dove,
And all the warbled sorrows of the grove;—
Next for poor suff'ring Guilt;—and, last of all,
For Parents, Friends, a King and Country's fall.

130

}

Mark her fair Votaries, prodigal of grief,
With cureless pangs, and woes that mock relief,
Droop in soft sorrow o'er a faded flow'r;
O'er a dead Jack-Ass pour the pearly show'r:—

140

But

But hear, unmov'd, of *Loire's* ensanguin'd flood,
 Choak'd up with slain;—of *Lyons* drench'd in blood;
 Of crimes that blot the Age, the World with shame,
 Foul crimes, but sicklied o'er with Freedom's name;
 Altars and Thrones subverted, social life
 Trampled to earth,—the Husband from the Wife,
 Parent from Child, with ruthless fury torn,— 150
 Of Talents, Honour, Virtue, Wit, forlorn,
 In friendless exile,—of the wise and good
 Staining the daily Scaffold with their blood,—
 Of savage cruelties, that scare the mind,
 The rage of madness with Hell's lusts combin'd—
 Of Hearts torn reeking from the mangled breast,—
 They hear—and hope, that ALL IS FOR THE BEST.

Fond hope!—but JUSTICE sanctifies the pray'r—
 JUSTICE!—Here Satire strike! 'twere sin to spare!
 Not She in British Courts that takes her stand, 160
 The dawdling balance dangling in her hand,
 Adjusting punishments to Fraud and Vice,
 With scrupulous quirks, and disquisition nice:—
 But firm, erect, with keen reverted glance
 The' avenging Angel of regenerate *Franco*,
 Who visits antient sins on modern times,
 And punishes the POPE for CÆSAR's crimes (3).

(3) The Manes of VERGENNETORIX are supposed to have been very much gratified by the Invasion of Italy and the Plunder of the Roman Territory. The defeat of the Burgundians is to be revenged on the modern inhabitants of Switzerland.—But the Swiss were a free People, defending their Liberties against a Tyrant. Moreover, they happened to be in Alliance with France at the time. No matter, *Burgundy* is since become a Province of France, and the French have acquired a property in all the injuries and defeats which the People of that Country may have sustained, together with a title to revenge and retaliation to be exercised in the present, or any future centuries, as may be found most glorious and convenient.

Such

Such is the liberal JUSTICE which presides
 In these our days, and modern Patriots guides;—
 JUSTICE, whose blood-stain'd Book one sole Decree, 170
 One Statute fills—"The People shall be Free."
 Free by what means?—by folly, madness, guilt,
 By boundless rapines, blood in oceans spilt;
 By confiscation, in whose sweeping toils
 The poor Man's pittance with the rich Man's spoils,
 Mix'd in one common mass, are swept away,
 To glut the short-liv'd Tyrant of the day;—
 By Laws, Religion, Morals all o'erthrown:—
 —Rouse then, ye Sovereign People, claim your own;—
 The License that enthral's, the Truth that blinds, 180
 The Wealth that starves you, and the Pow'r that grinds.
 —So JUSTICE bids.—'Twas her enlighten'd doom,
 Louis, thy holy head devoted to the tomb!
 'Twas JUSTICE claim'd, in that accursed hour,
 The fatal forfeit of too lenient pow'r.
 —Mourn for the Man we may;—but for the King,—
 Freedom, oh! Freedom's such a charming thing!

"Much may be said on both sides."—Hark! I hear
 A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear,—
 The voice of CANDOUR.—Hail! most solemn Sage, } 190
 Thou driveling Virtue, of this moral Age,
 CANDOUR, which softens Party's headlong rage.
 CANDOUR,—which spares its foes;—nor e'er descends
 With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
 CANDOUR,—which loves in see-saw strain to tell
 Of acting foolishly, but meaning well;
 Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
 Convinc'd that all men's motives are the same;—
 And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
 BLACK's not so black;—nor WHITE so very white, 200

" Fox, to be sure, was vehement and wrong :—
 " But then PITT's words, you'll own, were *rather* strong.
 " Both must be blamed, both pardon'd ;—'twas just so
 " With Fox and PITT full forty years ago ;
 " So WALPOLE, PULTENEY ;—Factions in all times
 " Have had their follies, Ministers their crimes."

Give me the' avow'd, the' erect, the manly Foe
 Bold I can meet,—perhaps may turn his blow ;
 But of all plagues, good Heav'n, thy wrath can send,
 Save, save, oh ! save me from the *Candid Friend* ! 210

" BARRAS loves plunder,—MERLIN takes a bribe,—
 " What then ?—Shall CANDOUR these good men proscribe ?
 " No ! ere we join the loud-accusing throng,
 " Prove,—not the facts,—but, that *they thought them wrong*."

" Why hang O'QUIGLEY ?—he, misguided man,
 " In sober thought his Country's weal *migt* plan.
 " And, while his deep-wrought Treason sapp'd the Throne,
 " *Might* act from *taste in morals*, all his own."

Peace to such Reasoners !—let them have their way ;
 Shut their dull eyes against the blaze of day.— 220
 PRIESTLEY's a Saint, and STONE a Patriot still ;
 And La FAYETTE a Hero, if they will.

I love the bold uncompromising mind,
 Whose principles are fix'd, whose views defin'd :
 Who scouts and scorns, in canting CANDOUR's spight,
 All *taste in morals*, innate sense of right,
 And Nature's impulse, all uncheck'd by art,
 And feelings fine, that float about the heart :—
 Content, for good men's guidance, bad men's awe,
 On moral truth to rest, and Gospel law. 230
 Who

Who owns, when Traitors feel the' avenging rod.
 Just retribution, and the hand of God;
 Who hears the groans through *Olmütz*' roofs that ring,
 Of him who mock'd, misled, betray'd his King—
 Hears unappall'd:—though Faction's Zealots preach—
 Unmov'd, unsoften'd by F-TZP-TR-CK's Speech.

(4)—That Speech on which the melting Commons hung,
 " While truths divine came mended from *his* tongue"—
 How loving Husband clings to duteous Wife,—
 How pure Religion soothes the ills of life,— 240
 How Popish Ladies trust their pious fears
 And naughty actions in their Chaplain's ears.—
 Half Novel and half Sermon on it flow'd;
 With pious zeal THE OPPOSITION glow'd;
 And as o'er each the soft infection crept,
 Sigh'd as he whin'd, and as he whimper'd, wept;—
 E'en C—W—N dropt a sentimental tear,
 And stout St. A—DR—W yelp'd a softer " Hear!"

O! Nurse of Crimes and Fashions! which in vain
 Our colder servile spirits would attain, 250

(4) The Speech of General F-TZP-TR-CK, on his motion for an Address of the House of Commons to the Emperor of Germany, to demand the deliverance of M. La Fayette from the prison of *Olmütz*, was one of the most dainty pieces of oratory that ever drew tears from a crowded gallery, and the Clerks at the table. It was really quite moving to hear the General talk of religion, conjugal fidelity, and "such branches of learning." There were a few who laughed indeed, but that was thought hard-hearted and immoral, and irreligious, and God knows what. CRYING was the order of the day. Why will not the OPPOSITION try these topics again? LA FAYETTE indeed (the more's the pity) is out. But why not a motion for a general gaol-delivery of all State Prisoners throughout Europe?

How do we ape thee, *France!* but blundering still
 Disgrace the pattern by our want of skill.
 The borrow'd step our aukward gait reveals :
 (As clumsy (5) C—RTN—Y mars the verse he steals.)
 How do we ape thee, *France!*—nor claim alone
 Thy arts, thy tastes, thy morals for our own,
 But to thy WORTHIES render homage due,
 Their (6) "hair-breadth 'scapes" with anxious interest view;
 Statesmen and Heroines whom this age adores,
 Though plainer times would call them Rogues and Whores.

See LOUVET, Patriot, Pamphleteer, and Sage, 261
 Tempering with amorous fire his virtuous rage.
 Form'd for all tasks, his various talents see,—
 The luscious Novel, the severe Decree.
 —Then mark him welt'ring in his nasty sty,
 Bare his lewd transports to the public eye.
 Not *bis* the love in silent groves that strays,
 Quits the rude world, and shuns the vulgar gaze.
 In *Lodoiska's* full possession blest
 One craving void still aches within his breast;— 270
 Plung'd in the filth and fondness of her arms,
 Not to himself alone he stints her charms;—
 Clasp'd in each other's foul embrace they lie,
 But know no joy, unless the World stands by.

(5) See ANTI-JACOBIN, Vol. I. P. 376, in the Note, for a theft more shameless, and an application of the thing stolen more stupid, than any of those recorded of Irish story-tellers by Joe Miller.

(6) See *Récit de mes Périls*, by LOUVET. *Mémoires d'un Detenu*, by RIOUFFE, &c. The avidity with which these Productions were read, might, We should hope, be accounted for upon principles of mere curiosity (as We read the Newgate Calendar and the History of the Buccaneers), not from any interest in favour of a set of wretches, infinitely more detestable than all the Robbers and Pirates that ever existed.

—The Fool of Vanity, for her alone
He lives, loves, writes, and dies but to be known.

His widow'd mourner flies to poison's aid,
Eager to join her LOUVER's parted shade
In those bright realms where sainted Lovers stray,—
But harsh emetics tear that hope away (7). 280
—Yet hapless LOUVER! where thy bones are laid,
The easy Nymphs shall consecrate the shade (8),
There, in the laughing morn of genial Spring,
Unwedded Pairs shall tender couplets sing;
Eringoes o'er the hallow'd spot shall bloom,
And Flies of Spain buzz softly round the Tomb (9).

But hold severer Virtue claims the muse—
ROLAND the just, with ribbands in his shoes (10)—
And ROLAND's Spouse who paints with chaste delight
The doubtful conflict of her nuptial night;— 290
Her virgin charms what fierce attacks assail'd,
And how the rigid Minister (11) prevail'd.

And ah! what verse can grace thy stately mien,
Guide of the World, Preferment's Golden Queen,
NECKAR's fair Daughter,—STAEL the Epicene! }

(7) Every lover of modern French literature, and admirer of modern French characters, must remember the rout which was made about LOUVER's death, and LOBOISKA's poison. The attempt at self-slaughter, and the process of the recovery, the arsenick and the castor oil, were served up in daily messes from the French Papers, till the Public absolutely sickened.

(8) *Faciles Napeæ.*

(9) See *Anthologia* passim.

(10) Such was the strictness of this Minister's Principles, that he positively refused to go to Court in shoe-buckles.—See DUMOURIER's *Memoirs*.

(11) See Madame ROLAND's *Memoirs*—" *Rigide Ministre*," BISSOT à ses *Commetans*,

Bright

Bright o'er whose flaming cheek and pumple (12) nose
 The bloom of young Desire unceasing glows!
 Fain would the Muse—but ah! she dares no more,
 A mournful voice from lone *Guyana's* shore (13),
 —Sad QUATREMERE—the bold presumption checks, 300
 Forbid to question thy ambiguous sex.

To thee, proud BARRAS bows;—thy charms controul
 REWBELL's brute rage, and MENLIN's subtle soul;
 Rais'd by thy hands, and fashion'd to thy will,
 Thy pow'r, thy guiding influence governs still,
 Where at the blood-stain'd board expert he plies,
 The lame artificer of Fraud and Lies;
 He with the mitred head, and cloven heel;—
 Doom'd the course edge of REWBELL's jests to feel (14);

(12) The "pumple" nosed Attorney of Furnival's Inn.—*Congreve's* WAY OF THE WORLD.

(13) These lines contain the Secret History of QUATREMERE's deportation. He presumed in the Council of Five Hundred to arraign Madame de Stael's conduct, and even to hint a doubt of her sex. He was sent to *Guyana*. The transaction naturally brings to one's mind the dialogue between Falstaff and Hostess Quickly in Shakspeare's Henry the 4th.

FALSTAFF—Thou art neither Fish nor Flesh—a man cannot tell where to have thee.

QUICKLY—Thou art an unjust man for saying so—thou or any man knows where to have me.

(14) For instance, in the course of a Political Discussion, REWBELL observed to the Ex-Bishop—"That his understanding was as crooked as his legs"—"Vil Emigré tu n'as pas le sens plus droit que les pieds"—and therewith threw an Ink-stand at him. It whizzed along, as We have been informed, like the fragment of a rock from the hand of one of OSSIAN's Heroes:—but the wily Apostate shrunk beneath the Table, and the weapon past over him, innocuous and guiltless of his blood or brains.

To

To stand the playful buffet, and to hear
The frequent ink-stand whizzing past his ear;
While all the five Directors laugh to see
"The limping Priest so deft at his new Ministry (15)."

310

Last of the' ANOINTED FIVE behold, and least
The Directorial LAMA, Sovereign Priest,—
LEPAUX:—whom Atheists worship;—at whose nod
Bow their meek heads *the Men without a God* (16).

Ere long, perhaps, to this astonish'd Isle,
Fresh from the Shores of subjugated Nile,
Shall BUONAPARTE's victor Fleet protect
The genuine THEO-PHILANTHROPIC Sect,—
The Sect of MARAT, MIRABEAU, VOLTAIRE,—
Led by their Pontiff, good LA REVEILLERE.
—Rejoic'd our CLUBS shall greet him, and install
The holy Hunch-back in thy Dome, *St. Paul!*
While countless votaries thronging in his train
Wave their Red Caps, and hymn this jocund strain:

310

"*Couriers and Stars*, Sedition's Evening Host,
"Thou *Morning Chronicle*, and *Morning Post*,
"Whether ye make the Rights of Man your theme, 330
"Your Country libel, and your God blaspheme,

(15) See HOMER's description of VULCAN. First Iliad.

Inextinguibilis vero exoriebatur risus beatis numinibus

Ut viderunt Vulcanum per domos ministrantem.

(16) The Men without a God—one of the new Sects.—Their Religion is intended to consist in the adoration of a Great Book, in which all the virtuous Actions of the Society are to be entered and registered. "In times of Civil Commotion they are to come forward, to exhort the Citizens to unanimity, and to read them a Chapter out of the Great Book. When oppressed or proscribed, they are to retire to a burying-ground, to wrap themselves up in their great coats, and wait the approach of death," &c.

"Or

" Or dirt on private worth and virtue throw,
 " Still blasphemous or blackguard, praise LEPAUX.

" And ye five other wandering Bards that move
 " In sweet accord of harmony and love,
 " C—DGE and S—TH—Y, L—D, and L—BE and Co.
 " Tune all your mystic harps to praise LEPAUX!

" PR—TL—Y and W—F—LD, humble, holy men,
 " Give praises to his name with tongue and pen!

" TH—LW—L, and ye that lecture as ye go, 340
 " And for your pains get pelted, praise LEPAUX!

" Praise him each Jacobin, or Fool, or Knave,
 " And your cropp'd heads in sign of worship wave!

" All creeping creatures, venomous and low,
 " PAINE, W—LL—MS, G—DW—N, H—L—CR—FT—praise LEPAUX!

" And thou *Leviathan*! on Ocean's brim
 " Hugest of living things that sleep and swim;
 " Thou in whose nose by BURKE's gigantic hand
 " The hook was fix'd to drag thee to the land
 " With —, —, and — (17) in thy train, 350
 " And — wallowing in the yeasty main (18)—
 " Still as ye snort, and puff, and spout, and blow,
 " In puffing, and in spouting, praise LEPAUX!"

(17) The Reader is at liberty to fill up the blanks according to his own opinion, and after the chances and changes of the times. It would be highly unfair to hand down to posterity as followers of *Leviathan*, the names of men who may, and probably will soon, grow ashamed of their leader.

(18) Though the yeasty sea
 Consume and swallow navigation up.

MACBETH.
 BRITAIN

BRITAIN beware; nor let the' insidious Foe,
Of force despairing, aim a deadlier blow.
Thy Peace, thy Strength, with devilish wiles assail,
And when her Arms are vain, by Arts prevail.
True, thou art rich, art powerful!—thro' thine Isle
Industrious skill, contented labour, smile;
Far Seas are studded with thy countless Sails; 360
What wind but wafts them, and what shore but hails!
True, thou art brave!—o'er all the busy land
In patriot ranks embattled myriads stand;
Thy Foes behold with impotent amaze,
And drop the lifted weapon as they gaze!

But what avails to guard each outward part,
If subtlest poison, circling at thy heart,
Spite of thy courage, of thy pow'r, and wealth,
Mine the sound fabric of thy vital health?

So thine own Oak, by some fair streamlet's side 370
Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride,
Tow'rs from the Earth, and rearing to the Skies
It's conscious strength, the Tempest's wrath defies.
It's ample branches shield the fowls of air,
To its cool shade the panting Herds repair.—
The treacherous Current works its noiseless way,—
The fibres loosen, and the roots decay;
Prostrate the beauteous Ruin lies; and all
That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.

O thou!—lamented Sage!—whose prescient scan 380
Pierced thro' foul Anarchy's gigantic plan,
Prompt to incredulous hearers to disclose
The guilt of *France*, and Europe's world of woes;—
Thou, on whose Name Posterity shall gaze,
The mighty Sea-mark of these troubled days!

O large

O large of soul, of genius unconfin'd,
 Born to delight, instruct, and mend Mankind !—
 BURKE ! in whose breast a Roman ardour glow'd ;
 Whose copious tongue with Grecian richness flow'd ;
 Well hast thou found (if such thy Country's doom) 390
 A timely refuge in the sheltering tomb !

As, in far Realms, where Eastern Kings are laid,
 In pomp of death, beneath the cypress shade,
 The perfum'd lamp with unextinguish'd light
 Flames thro' the vault, and cheers the gloom of night :—
 So, mighty BURKE ! in thy sepulchral urn,
 To Fancy's view, the lamp of Truth shall burn.
 Thither late times shall turn their reverent eyes,
 Led by thy light, and by thy wisdom wise.

There *are*, to whom (*their* taste such pleasures cloy) 400
 No light thy wisdom yields, thy wit no joy.
 Peace to their heavy heads, and callous hearts,
 Peace—such as Sloth, as Ignorance imparts !—
 Pleas'd may they live to plan their Country's good,
 And crop with calm Content their flow'ry food !

What tho' thy venturous Spirit lov'd to urge
 The labouring theme to Reason's utmost verge,
 Kindling and mounting from th' enraptur'd sight ;—
 Still anxious Wonder watch'd thy daring flight !
 —While vulgar souls, with mean malignant stare 410
 Gaz'd up, the triumph of thy fall to share !
 Poor triumph ! price of that extorted praise,
 Which still to daring Genius envy pays.

Oh ! for thy playful smile,—thy potent frown,—
 To³ abash bold Vice, and laugh pert Folly down !
 So should the Muse, in Humour's happiest vein,
 With verse that flow'd in metaphoric strain,

And

And apt allusions to the rural trade,
 Tell, of *what wood young JACOBINS are made* ;
 How the skill'd Gardener grafts with nicest rule 420
 The *slip* of COXCOMB, on the *stock* of FOOL ;—
 Forth in bright blossom bursts the tender sprig,
 A thing to wonder at—(19) perhaps a *Whig*.—
 Should tell, how wise each half-fledg'd Pedant prates
 Of weightiest matters, grave distinctions states—
 —That rules of Policy, and Public Good,
 In Saxon times were rightly understood ;
 —That Kings are proper, *may be* useful things,
 But then some Gentlemen object to Kings ;
 —That in all times the Minister's to blame ; 430
 —That British Liberty's an empty name,
 Till each fair Burgh, numerically free,
 Shall chuse its Members by *the Rule of Three*.

So should the Muse, with verse in thunder cloath'd,
 Proclaim the Crimes by God and Nature loath'd,
 Which—when fell poison revels in the veins—
 (That poison fell, which frantic *Gallia* drains
 From the crude Fruit of Freedom's blasted Tree)
 Blot the fair Records of Humanity.

To feebler Nations let proud *France* afford 440
 Her damning choice,—the Chalice or the Sword,—
 To drink or die ;—oh fraud ! oh specious lie !
 Delusive choice ! for *if* they drink, they die.

(19) i. e. perhaps a *Member of the WHIG CLUB*—a Society that has presumed to monopolize to itself a title to which it never had any claim, but from the character of those who have now withdrawn themselves from it.—“*Perhaps*” signifies that even the WHIG CLUB sometimes rejects a candidate, whose PRINCIPLES (*riqum teneatis*) it affects to disapprove.

The Sword we dread not :—of ourselves secure,
 Firm were our Strength, our Peace and Freedom sure.—
 Let all the World confederate all its pow'rs,
 “ Be they not back'd by those that should be ours,”
 High on his Rock shall BRITAIN'S GENIUS stand,
 Scatter the crowded Hosts, and vindicate the land.

Guard We but our own Hearts : with constant view 450
 To antient Morals, antient Manners true,
 True to the manlier virtues, such as nerv'd
 Our Father's breasts, and this proud Isle preserv'd
 For many a rugged age:—and scorn the while,—
 Each philosophic Atheist's specious guile.—
 The soft seductions, the refinements nice,
 Of gay Morality, and easy Vice :—
 So shall we brave the storm;—our 'stablish'd pow'r
 Thy refuge, EUROPE, in some happier hour.—
 —But, FRENCH in heart—tho' Victory crown our brow, 460
 Low at our feet tho' prostrate Nations bow,
 Wealth gild our Cities, Commerce croud our shore,—
 LONDON may shine, but ENGLAND is no more.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IN the last Address which We shall have to make to the Public, We would willingly review the whole of what has been advanced by Us under the different Heads of our Paper, and leave behind us a Summary of our Opinions upon the state of each subject as We found it, and as We conceive it to stand at the moment when our labours are concluded.

Upon

Upon no point, if We are to speak our sincere opinion, is the task more easily to be executed, or in a less compass, than in what relates to Foreign Politics.

In other times, the relations of States to each other have been matter of great study, and difficulty; have been embarrassed with a diversity of views, and a complication of interests, which it might require much experience to calculate, and much political sagacity to reconcile.

At present, there is but one relation among all the States of Europe:—one at least there is so paramount, as to confound and swallow up all inferior considerations. FRANCE IS BENT ON THE CONQUEST AND RUIN OF THEM ALL.

To repel this Conquest, to ward off this ruin, various means are tried, according to the power or the prudence of the different Nations. War, Treaty, Supplication, Bribery, timid Neutrality, implicit Submission, and, finally, an Incorporation into the Map of the *Great Republic*, are all at this moment exemplified in the conduct of the Countries which surround us.

Our lot, a lot imposed upon us by necessity, but which, if it were not so imposed upon us, whoever is not blind, judiciously blind to the conduct of *France* towards us, and every other Country, would claim by choice, is WAR.

The relation in which we may stand to the other States of Europe, or they to each other, is comparatively of little moment. They may reciprocate Missions, and propose Treaties,—the *Ligurian Republic* may make Peace or War with the *Cisalpine*;—the *Cisalpine* with the *Roman*;—either of them with the KING of *SARDINIA*, with *Tuscany*, or with *Naples*; and the greater Powers may mediate, or embroil the quarrel, may offer their

protection, and talk of their Dignity:—But the question does not lie there.—*France* has the power and the will to controul, to oppress them altogether; to limit or extend their Boundaries, as she sees good; to approve or annul their Internal Regulations, as well as their stipulations with each other: And while she has that power, whether it be by strength in herself, or by the sufferance of others; whether she may choose to vex and harass them in mass, or detail; to keep peace between them, or to set them at variance; to work their revolutions by her own arms, or to delegate that sacred office to their neighbours; or, finally, to insist upon their performing it each for themselves;—the result to us is the same. The People of Europe are equally enslaved;—it matters not whether they are manacled separately, or bolted to the links of a long chain which connects and coerces them in a fellowship of misery.

Mortalia corda

Per gentes bumilis stravit pavor.

To Us, the relation of these unhappy Powers, is either that of Friends forced into a Foreign Army to fight against us, or placed, hand-cuffed, on the Deck of a Line of Battle Ship to receive our fire—or it is that of a Captive languishing in a Dungeon against which We are making an attack, and who does not dare to acknowledge his Friend, till he can hail him as his Deliverer.

The Contest between *Great Britain* and *France*, then, is not for the existence of the former only, but for the Freedom of the World. To look to partial Interests, to talk of partial Successes, as bearing upon the main object and general issue of the War, is to take a narrow and

pitiful view of the most momentous and most tremendous subject that ever was brought under the consideration of mankind.

If *Great Britain*, insensible of what she owes to herself and to the World, flinches (for she *cannot fall*), in the Contest;—she throws away not herself alone, but the peace and happiness of Nations. If she maintain herself stoutly;—to speculate on the mode, the time, the means by which success adequate to the immensity of the object at stake is to be attained, were indeed presumptuous;—but We risk, without apprehension of being thought sanguine in our hopes and expectations, or of being contradicted by the event, the sentiment of the greatest Orator of ancient times—"It is not, it cannot be possible, that an Empire founded on injustice, on rapacity, on perfidy, on the contempt and disregard of every thing sacred towards God, or among Men;—it is not possible that such an Empire should endure."

FINIS.